

48: Want to Be Their Stepfather? Better Help Mommy Pick Well This Time

It seemed like this dad had a really bad temper and was definitely not a good man.

Bruce couldn't help but think that this man was probably the one who abandoned his mommy and the two brothers. With that thought in mind, Bruce's impression of his biological father couldn't have been worse.

He felt like his real dad was a scumbag, and a man like that didn't deserve their beautiful, flawless mommy.

Xavi mentally crossed his fingers, wishing he could advise Mr. Vanderbilt, Please, at least try to be a little more mindful! The way you're handling things with women is all wrong!

If you let such a wonderful wife slip away, you'll regret it when you finally wake up and realize what you've lost!

The tension in the room was palpable, and Caitlin didn't feel like talking anymore. She grabbed Bruce and was about to leave when Sebastian called out to her.

"Stop!"

Caitlin paused with Bruce, looking back at him.

"What now?"

"Where did you go today?"

"I went to The Gray Family, you know that already."



"I know that. But what about after that? Who did you go with to the restaurant? What did you do after dinner?"

Caitlin couldn't help but sneer. "Did you send someone to follow me?"

Xavi quickly intervened, "No, it wasn't Mr. Vanderbilt, it was Yasmin who saw them."

"Yasmin? That woman saw me dining with someone and now she's running to report it?"

Caitlin was disgusted just thinking about Yasmin and how she stirred up trouble behind her back.

"Don't change the subject! Tell me the truth. What else did you do besides eating?"

Sebastian's anger hadn't subsided yet. He wasn't going to let it go until he got answers.

"Fine, if you want to know, I'll tell you. I went on a date with a young guy, had some western food, and then we went somewhere to have some fun. We did everything we needed to do, happy now? Does it satisfy you?"

Xavi instantly knew Caitlin was angry now. This was bad!

Mr. Vanderbilt, you better prepare for the worst!

"Caitlin, have you forgotten your position? You're still my wife! How dare you go out with another man behind my back? You—"

"Shut up, Sebastian!" Caitlin snapped. "Who I see or don't see is none of your business! You're just my husband in name. What kind of husband only cares about appearances? Are you tired yet? Stay out of my life!"



She glared at him, then poked his forehead with her finger before walking out with Bruce.

She was genuinely exhausted. Dealing with a man like this was draining.

She was done. Once he recovered, she'd leave The Vanderbilt Family for good and cut all ties with him.

Bruce, walking behind Caitlin, glanced back at his father in the wheelchair, feeling a deep sigh inside.

This deadbeat dad? No one wants him!

There were so many handsome uncles with great qualities waiting in line to be their stepdad, and now, it was time to help mommy pick the right one.

How dare he poke his finger on my forehead? This woman really...

Sebastian was boiling with rage. He couldn't even begin to describe how furious he was.

A woman was ruling over him, making him lose face! Unbelievable!

He had so much pent-up anger with no way to release it. When he tried to get up, he realized his legs were still in plaster, limiting his movement.

Frustrated, he slammed his fist on the bed. "Get the doctor here! I want my cast off!"

"Mr. Vanderbilt, the doctor said your cast needs to stay for 4-6 weeks. It's not time yet..."

"Get the doctor here! Did you hear me?!"



Sebastian's temper flared again, and no one could calm him down.

Xavi had no choice but to run out and find the doctor. Soon, Griffin was brought in.

"Mr. Vanderbilt, your cast needs a few more days. Are you sure you want it removed early?"

Sebastian didn't answer. He grabbed Griffin and slammed him against the bed, punching him hard.

"Get it off now! No more talking! Do you think I'm useless?"

"Please, Mr. Vanderbilt, stop! I'll do it! I'll do it!" Griffin screamed, begging for mercy.

Sebastian ignored him, continuing to beat him down.

"Take off the damn plaster! Don't make my life more miserable!"

Xavi watched helplessly as Griffin was pummeled. At this point, he knew that Griffin had been dealing drugs behind Sebastian's back. So now, when Sebastian exploded, Griffin became the perfect punching bag.

After several punches, Griffin was covered in bruises and bleeding from his nose.

"Get to work, now!" Sebastian commanded coldly.

Griffin, barely able to stand, quickly removed the cast.

"Done, Mr. Vanderbilt."

Griffin nervously asked, "Mr. Vanderbilt, how do your legs feel now?"



As soon as the cast was removed, Sebastian felt a great sense of relief. He could move his legs more easily. Griffin asked him what it felt like, and without a second thought, Sebastian kicked Griffin's stomach with full force.

Griffin was caught off guard, flying across the room and slamming into the wall. His body ached everywhere.

Damn it!

Sebastian's recovery ability was truly amazing.

Griffin wondered why, according to the medicine he had prescribed, Sebastian should have been immobile. But it seemed like Sebastian's body was recovering faster than expected. Maybe he hadn't been taking the prescribed medication after all?

"Mr. Vanderbilt, although the cast is off, you still can't walk just yet. You should stay in the wheelchair until your legs fully recover. By the way, have you been taking the medicine I prescribed?"

Sebastian snorted coldly, waving his hand dismissively.

Xavi instantly pinned Griffin to the ground, and Griffin screamed in pain.

"Tell me! What's going on with the medicine? Why did you tamper with it?"

Griffin's heart skipped a beat. "Mr. Vanderbilt, I... I didn't do anything!"

"Don't lie!" Xavi beat him again.

"Take him away and interrogate him properly. If he doesn't confess, let him die!"



With Sebastian's command, Griffin's career as a doctor was likely over.

Sebastian finally felt his anger subside after his outburst.

After a while, he could only comfort himself, It's just a contractual marriage. It won't last long. And I still have Camellia on my mind. She's the only one worth waiting for.

With no one else around, Sebastian pushed himself off the bed and tried to stand. Xavi exclaimed, "Mr. Vanderbilt, you still can't walk!"

"I just want to see if I can stand up."

Indeed, Sebastian's recovery was extraordinary. While most people would take months to recover from a serious injury, he could do it in a fraction of the time.

His body was naturally resilient. After being shot six times in a gunfight, he had recovered in two months. So what was a little car accident to him?

However, his sight—now that was a real problem.

He was eager to recover quickly, so he could end his marriage and move on.



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